







THE STORY
OF
A WONDERFUL HUNTER
DANIEL BOONE

BY
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DANIEL BOONE.

THE STORY OF DANIEL BOONE.

I.

THE DEEP AND SOLEMN WOOD.

DID you ever stroll through a lonely forest far away from where people live? Isn't it delightful to rustle the dry leaves with your feet as you walk along?

Then you lie down among them on your back and look up through the boughs of the great trees and see the patches of blue sky, whitened now and then with flying clouds far above.

How still and solemn it is! You feel like talking to the trees. Do you think they could understand you? They seem like friends as they stretch their big leafy arms toward you as if they wanted to embrace you. If they have any power to love, they certainly love you and are glad to have you with them.

But it isn't so silent after all. Here is a little

brooklet bubbling by so cheerfully. It laughs and laughs all day long as it ripples away to the river. Why shouldn't it? There is nothing to make it sad.

Now you hear a bird calling to its mate far up in the tree-tops, and a crow, crying, "Caw, caw, caw," flies across the blue spaces between the tops of the trees and the clouds.

Now a merry little squirrel with its merry little bark runs down a sapling near you, but as soon as it sees you, it swishes its bushy tail and hurries away.

It seems to be afraid of you. Perhaps some hunter has at some time shot at it or some of its relations, and they have learned to be afraid of people.

What a joy it is to wander in the forest! What a sense of freedom you feel! There is no one to say, "Don't do this, or don't do that."

There are no signs of "Keep off the grass." You are free from every care and every restraint. You have reached the great heart of nature and feel that you are a part of it.

Let us now change the scene a little. Sup-

pose you are a big boy or a man, and you have a dog and a gun. You start out on a hunting trip of several days. The dog is as glad to go as yourself, and even the gun almost seems to feel its importance.

Over logs and brush you trip along; your dog is too nimble to walk; it must run. It makes large circles from your path; it runs far ahead and back to you again. When you raise your gun and bring down a squirrel or a pheasant, how frisky and happy it makes the dog.

Thus you tramp along all day, over marsh and bog, across the streams and up the steep hillsides. When night comes you make a fire and spend the long, silent hours with your two friends, your faithful dog and your trusty gun.

The stately trees, like "green-robed senators," stand all around you. The wood is so silent, but for the occasional hoot of an owl, the sighing of the wind above you, and the crackling of the fire at your feet. How different it is from the noisy city with its rumbling cars and its hurrying thousands!

Now, let us change the picture again. Suppose the forest covers the whole country for many hundreds of miles in extent. It is full of savage Indians and wild animals, bears, wolves, deer, and buffalo.

White men plunge into this wilderness and make it their home. They build little log cabins and bring their wives and children, and here they dwell, hundreds of miles from the city—too far to go there to purchase anything they need. There are no railroads nor even wagon roads.

They must make their own clothes of the skins of animals, or spin and weave them from wool or flax. They do not wear silk gowns, nor kid gloves, nor high buttoned shoes; their clothing is coarse, but quite comfortable.

They have few dainty things for the table. Their food consists of coarse bread and the flesh of wild animals; but it is very good and wholesome, and those who get used to it seldom want anything better.

Such a life in the wilderness has its charms as well as its dangers. A gentleman from New

York City spent several months recently in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

He afterward wrote for the papers about it. He said that the free life of the forest had a charm that no pen could describe, and that it was with a sigh of regret that he returned to the life of the busy, toiling city.

A few hundred years ago all our country was covered with dense forests, and before our cities and towns and railroads could be built, the people had to live in the forest and clear the land and prepare for civilized life.

In this little book I shall relate the story of one who spent his whole life in the forest, one who loved the solitudes of nature and who never grew weary of fighting the Indians and of chasing the deer and the buffalo. His name was Daniel Boone.

II.

DANIEL BOONE'S BOYHOOD.

DANIEL BOONE was born near the Delaware River in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1735,

three years after the birth of George Washington. The township in which Daniel was born was named Exeter by his father, who had come from Exeter, England.

When Daniel was still a small boy, the family moved to Berks County, near Reading. This was more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and many wild beasts and wild Indians then roamed through the forests of Pennsylvania.

Daniel Boone went to school in a little log school-house in the woods and learned to read and to write, but a higher education than this he never received.

When quite a young boy he became the owner of a dog and a gun, and his greatest delight was to roam through the forest alone with his gun on his shoulder and followed by his dog.

One morning he took his rifle and whistled to his dog and they started out for a hunt in the woods. When night came he did not return. By next morning his parents began to be alarmed. They feared that Daniel might have fallen into the hands of the Indians, or become a prey to some wild beast.

They now called in the neighbors and organized a searching party. The men went by twos and threes in different directions and spent the whole day and night searching for the lost boy.

At length one of them saw in the distance a thin column of smoke rising from a queer-looking little cabin. They approached and peeped in, and there sat Daniel Boone, looking like an old hunter who had settled down for the season.

He was preparing his supper from some choice pieces of the game he had shot. He did this by cutting the flesh into thin pieces and holding them over the fire on a stick until cooked.

The earthen floor of his cabin he had carpeted with the skins of the animals. The cabin was a very rude one which he himself had built.

Daniel seemed to be surprised that any one would be uneasy about him. He took it as a matter of course that a hunter could not be expected to return at any particular time.

He was grieved that they did not think him able to take care of himself; but as soon as

they told him that his mother was in distress on account of his absence, he hastened back to comfort her.

When Daniel was yet a boy he became so skilful with the rifle that no one in all the country around could excel him. No Indian could follow a trail better than he.

No old hunter could find his way through the forest, guided by the bark on the trees, with more certainty than he could. Besides, he loved the forest, and never did he enjoy life so much as when buried in the depths of its solitude.

III.

REMOVAL TO NORTH CAROLINA.

WHEN Daniel Boone was about seventeen or eighteen years old his father moved with his family to North Carolina. It was a long journey through the wilderness and took many weeks. There was a large family of them.

Daniel had six brothers and four sisters.

The father's first name was Squire—a singular name—and he called one of his sons by the same name.

When they reached North Carolina they settled on the Yadkin River, in the northwestern part of the State.

The Yadkin River is a mountain stream of great beauty, and the country was very wild. All that part of the State at that time was an unbroken wilderness.

The Boones chose a place for a home and began to clear away the forest. They soon had a fine little farm, and here they spent many happy years.

Daniel, who was so very fond of hunting, spent many a day in the forest with his gun. He was now a man, and his people had become used to his remaining in the woods over night.

Sometimes his hunting trips extended to several weeks, and he often went a hundred miles from home into the territory that afterward became Tennessee.

There is a story that one night when Daniel was hunting deer by means of a torch-light, as

they sometimes did, he saw a pair of bright eyes and took them for those of a deer.

He was about to fire when he discovered that it was not a deer, but a young woman, a neighbor's daughter, named Rebecca Bryan, whom he afterward married. This story has been denied, and perhaps it is not true; but it is true that Boone married Rebecca Bryan.

For more than ten years he and his wife lived in a cabin in the woods with a few small fields cleared. This was their farm, and they raised their crops year after year. During this time there was little in the life of Boone that would interest the reader.

He spent much of his time hunting as usual; he also went on several exploring expeditions, sometimes being away from home several months. Daniel Boone was what we call a pioneer, or frontiersman.

A new country cannot become fitted for the dwelling-place of men until the pioneer goes before to clear away the forest and to drive away the wild beasts.

The pioneer usually lives in a little log cabin of his own making. The logs are notched at

the ends so as to fit at the corners, and laid one above another until the house is about ten feet high.

There is but one room, one door, and one window. The door is a large opening left at one end, the window a small opening at the side. Opposite the door there is an open space on the ground for a fireplace. The chimney is built outside with flat sticks like laths and plastered with mortar.

The beds are made of poles and the bedding is composed of the skins of animals. If there is no glass for the window, the skin of a deer or bear is hung across the window in time of bad weather. Very often the pioneer has no dishes for the table except those made of wood.

Many a pioneer family has spent a life-time in such a home; and they seem to be as happy as we are with all our comforts and luxuries.

Daniel Boone was a true pioneer. He had no desire for city life and the luxuries of the city home. He was quite content with homespun clothes, or with those made of deer-skin, and the primeval forest was the home of his choice.

Some pioneers, it is true, are rough and vicious men and almost as fierce as the wild animals about them; but Daniel Boone was mild and gentle in manners and ever faithful as a friend.

His keenness in the hunt was very remarkable. He knew the habits of every wild animal, and so perfect was his aim that he never raised his rifle without bringing down the game. He often killed squirrels and other small game without hitting them with the bullet. This he did by shooting into the bark of the tree just beneath the animal, at a point where the concussion of the bark would cause its death.

IV.

FIRST VISIT TO KENTUCKY.

ONE day when Daniel Boone was sitting by his fireside a visitor dropped in. It was a man named John Finley, and he had come to tell Boone something that he thought would interest him very much.

He came to tell of a wonderful hunting

region in which he had spent the preceding winter. It was several hundred miles to the northwest, and was called Kentucky.

He described the new country as a vast wilderness in which no white man lived, but it abounded in game. There were buffalo and deer in great numbers and myriads of wild turkeys.

Boone's heart was fired with a longing to visit this hunter's paradise. He told Finley that he would accompany him on his next visit to the wonderful hunting grounds. That is just what Finley had come for: he had heard of Boone as a famous hunter, and wished him to join a party in a trip to Kentucky.

Boone now prepared to bid his family good-by, hoping to return ere long and take them with him next time to the new country, where they would make their home. He had several children, and the oldest boys were now large enough to manage the farm.

A party of six men was formed, with Boone as the captain, and they set out on the first day of May, 1769. It was a delightful time of year; the green leaves were opening from the swell-

ing buds, and the woods echoed with the songs of the happy birds.

The men wore hunting-shirts made of dressed deer-skins, and leggings of the same material with fringes down the outside. They wore moccasins instead of shoes. A leathern belt encircled the body, and from it was suspended a tomahawk. This was used for cutting small trees, poles, and the like when they made a tent.

On the left of the belt was the hunting-knife, powder-horn, and bullet pouch. Thus prepared, the six brave hunters began their long journey through the wilderness.

When they had journeyed for five weeks, they came to the top of the mountain from which they could see the land of promise, as they called it.

It was evening, almost sunset, when they first opened their eyes on the wonderful scene. They could see over a vast tract of country, hills and vales, forests and cane-brakes, with a river or creek here and there winding silently among them.

Some of the open spaces seemed to be cov-

ered with black specks. These were found to be herds of buffalo grazing.

Here on this mountain summit the men made their camp, and here they met after their hunting excursions. It was near the Red River, a branch of the Kentucky.

These excursions extended over two or three days and sometimes more. Thus they continued during the summer and fall till December, and in all that time they did not see an Indian. They did not all go together while hunting or exploring; they usually went by couples.

One of the party named John Stewart went with Boone on a long trip late in December. They were walking along the bank of the Kentucky River one evening when a band of Indians rushed out of a cane-brake and took them captive.

Their guns and knives were taken from them, and they were ordered to follow. At night they encamped around a fire where the Indians cooked their evening meal and told of their adventures.

They treated Boone and Stewart well, in-

tending perhaps to adopt them into their tribe. Boone knew the Indian character so well that he knew just what to do. He pretended to be well pleased with his new companions, and gave them no reason to think that he wished to escape. This threw the Indians off their guard.

The two men remained with their captors seven days, but all this time Daniel Boone was planning how they might escape.

On the seventh night, after the Indians had eaten a big supper and were all fast asleep, Boone rose and quietly awakened Stewart. He put his mouth to Stewart's ear and whispered, "Don't make the slightest noise."

They each now took a gun and crept with cat-like tread out of the camp, and were soon standing under the shade of the trees. Not an Indian had stirred. All night they walked, guided by the stars overhead and the bark of the trees.

When morning dawned they found that they were not far from their own camp on the mountain. They hastened to the spot, but alas! the camp had been broken up and their four companions were gone.

One of them was John Finley, who had first told Boone of the hunting lands of Kentucky. Boone and Stewart never afterward heard of these four friends; whether they had been slain by the Indians or had gone east to the settlements is not known.

Daniel Boone and his friend Stewart still remained in the forest, but their ammunition was running low, and they now used the greatest care to avoid the Indians.

Early in January, as they walked one day near a dense wood, they saw in the distance the forms of two men. It was too far to distinguish white men from Indians, and Boone and Stewart hid behind trees and held their rifles ready for use. The men crept cautiously toward them, and when in hailing distance, Boone cried out,

“Halloo, strangers, who are you?”

“White men and friends,” came the answer. The men now hastened to each other, and you can imagine their joy to find that one of the new comers was Daniel Boone’s brother, Squire Boone, and the other a friend from North Carolina. They had brought a good supply of

ammunition and the good news that all was well at home.

That night must have been a happy one to those four men in the wilderness of Kentucky.

V.

STRANGE ADVENTURES.

THESE four hardy pioneers now determined to spend the winter together in the forest. They again divided in couples, though it might have been much better for them had they kept together.

Daniel Boone was hunting one day in company with Stewart when suddenly they were fired on by a party of Indians, and poor Stewart fell dead, shot through the heart.

Boone dashed into the forest with the fleetness of a deer and escaped unhurt. As he ran he looked back over his shoulder and saw the Indians scalp Stewart.

When the Indians kill an enemy, they cut off the scalp with a tuft of hair from the top of the head. These they keep as trophies of vic-

tory and hang them up in their wigwams or wear them in their belts.

It was a sad day when Daniel Boone came back to camp without his friend; but another misfortune was soon to follow. The friend who had come with Squire Boone from North Carolina got lost in the wood.

The Boone brothers searched for him many days, but all in vain. They never saw nor heard of him again. The two brothers were now left alone in the depths of the great forest.

Four of their companions had disappeared, no one knew how; another had been shot, and still another had been lost. What would the two who remained now do? Their ammunition was again running low.

One would think that they would have gone back to their homes and not ventured again on the dangerous ground without a strong force with them for defense. But strange to say, Daniel Boone decided to send his brother home for ammunition while he would remain in that wild region alone!

This man had come to love the solitudes of the forest with a great and undying love. The

lonely wilderness was a world of enchantment to him. He did not feel lonely, no more than a bee among flowers.

The trees and the plants and the flowers were to him as things of life; he communed with them as with companions. He knew no fear; he triumphed over danger. Many years later, speaking of this summer alone in the wilds of Kentucky, he said:

"No populous cities, with their stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here."

But Boone had another reason for wishing to remain. He desired to explore the country and become thoroughly familiar with it with a view of bringing his family to dwell there.

During his three months alone he made long exploring excursions; and in all that time he saw no human being, not even an Indian. But he saw many traces of Indians and often heard them when he knew they were trying to entrap him. He was so wily and skilful that he always knew when they were near and eluded them.

Squire Boone, after a long and dangerous journey, came back to Daniel the last of July, and brought with him two good horses.

The brothers now mounted their horses and rode westward to the Cumberland River. They explored nearly all of central Kentucky, spending nearly a year more in the forest.

In March, 1771, they came back to the Kentucky River, and here they decided to make their future home.

Now they packed up all the skins their horses could carry and set out on a long journey over the mountains for North Carolina.

Daniel had been absent two years, and in that time he had not tasted salt nor bread. His family had not heard from him for nearly a year, nor did they even know that he was alive.

We can imagine the joy in that family when he came to the door—how the children ran to greet him, how his loving wife embraced him, and how eagerly they listened to the wonderful stories of his strange adventures in the wilderness.

VI.

REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY.

DANIEL BOONE came back to North Carolina, not to remain, but to take his family with him to Kentucky. There had been others exploring parts of the Kentucky territory as well as Boone, but no permanent settlements had been made.

Now he determined to take his family and as many others as would go and make a permanent settlement in the great forest. But it was two years before he could sell his little farm on the Yadkin River and be fully ready to start.

At last they were ready to begin their dangerous journey over the mountains. They bade their old friends and neighbors goodby, and set out in September, 1773.

The party consisted of Daniel Boone, his family, and his brother Squire; but before they had gone far they were joined by several other families and by forty men well armed.

Their goods were carried on pack-horses. They drove with them a small herd of cattle.

At night they made their camp near a spring or stream of water.

The men cut long poles, laid one end on the ground and raised the other on forks. On these sloping poles tent-cloth or skins were spread for a roof. A fire was then kindled at the open end, and beds were made of leaves and skins on the ground back of the fire.

It was not a hardship for these travelers to fare in this way; they were used to out-door life, and nothing pleased them better. They were a happy company as they journeyed over the mountains toward the promised land, as Boone called it.

But a sad disaster was soon to overtake them. Seven young men were driving the cattle, and these were a few miles behind the rest of the company.

They had now been on the way several weeks and were near an opening in the Cumberland Mountains, called the Cumberland Gap, when one day the men heard the firing of guns behind them.

They hastened back to the young men driving the herd of cattle and found that the In-

dians had fired on them and killed six of the young men. The seventh was wounded and the cattle were driven off. One of the slain was the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a lad of seventeen years.

This was sad, indeed, and the whole company was greatly discouraged. They called a council to decide what to do. Some favored going on, but most of them thought it best not to proceed till the Indians became more peaceable.

They turned about and went to a settlement on the Clinch River in Virginia, and here they dwelled for nearly two years.

During part of these two years Daniel Boone was engaged in Indian warfare and was made captain by the governor of Virginia. The war over, he went with other pioneers to the Kentucky River and built a fort, afterward called Boonesborough.

This fort was made by building a number of strong log houses very close together and enclosing a piece of ground the shape of a parallelogram. It was quite strong and a good protection against the Indians.

As soon as the fort at Boonesborough was finished, Daniel Boone went to the Clinch River for his family, and again they started across the mountains for the Kentucky wilderness.

They met with no misfortune this time, and late in the summer of 1775 they reached Boonesborough.

Here they made their home, and as Daniel Boone afterward said, his wife and daughters were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River.

VII.

THREE GIRLS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

THE wife and daughters of Captain Boone were not long the only women at Boonesborough. Other families soon joined them, and they had a flourishing little colony.

The Boones had now been here almost a year and nothing serious had happened. But one day in July, 1776, a few days after the Declaration of Independence was passed by

Congress, three Boonesborough girls had a strange experience.

They were Betsey Calloway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, daughter of Daniel. Miss Calloway was almost a young lady; the two other girls were about thirteen years old.

The three were playing in a canoe in the edge of the river near the fort. They were laughing cheerfully and paddling in the water when they heard a rustle in the leaves near them. They looked up and lo! there stood a big Indian warrior.

The girls crouched in terror and were about to scream, when the Indian flourished a tomahawk over their heads and warned them to be silent.

He then stepped into the canoe and started across the river, still threatening them with death if they made any outcry. On reaching the shore, he motioned them to leave the boat, and they could do nothing but obey.

They were now joined by several other Indians, and they all began the journey through the forest, the girls being forced to walk ahead.

Thus they walked all day and all night, and at the dawn of the next day they were more than thirty miles from home. The poor girls were very tired, but the Indians feared pursuit and would not let them rest.

Soon after the capture of the three girls they were missed by their families. An alarm was given, and the men soon found that the canoe had been taken across the river. Then they found the tracks of the Indian moccasins and understood it all; but it was evening, and no pursuit could be begun before morning.

Next morning, as soon as it was light enough to follow a trail, they began the pursuit. All the men in the fort were ready to go; but Daniel Boone said there must be only a few, the bravest men in the fort, the best marksmen, and the swiftest runners. He then chose seven men besides himself, and they at once set out.

Boone knew all about the woods, and could follow a trail with the keenness of a bloodhound. The Indians expected to be followed, and they had gone through a cane-brake, many miles in extent, for the purpose of throwing

the pioneers off the track. But Boone led his men around the cane-brake, a distance of thirty miles, and sure enough here he found where the Indians had left it.

The captured girls had broken off a twig here and there, or made deeper tracks in the ground when they could do so without being noticed. Their object was to make the trail easier to follow.

The evening of the second day came. The poor girls had been forced to walk all that time, and they were now about fifty miles from home.

Their hearts were very sad, for they began to fear that they might not be rescued. The Indians now stopped and began to build a fire to encamp for the night.

When Indians take captives, they always kill them, if they do not feel sure that they can take them to their homes.

Had they known that the pioneers were so near, these three young girls would no doubt have been slain; but they had come so far that they fully believed the white men would not find them.

While some were kindling the fire and the others watching the girls, behold what happened! Four rifle shots were heard but a few rods away, and four Indians fell to the ground dead or wounded.

The next instant eight men rushed into the camp with the speed of deer. The Indians had not time to kill their captives; they had to run for their lives, not having time to get their guns to take with them. Before they got out of reach, two more of them were shot.

Imagine the joy of these three tired young girls to see their fathers and friends come to their rescue. Imagine the joy of their mothers when they reached home a few days later, safe and sound.

VIII.

INDIAN WARFARE.

LIFE in the forest has its charms, but there is a loneliness about it that one who does not love solitude can scarcely endure.

The pioneer lives with his family in a little

cabin surrounded by dense forests, with here and there a cleared spot on which he raises his crops. All around them is one vast solitude.

The silence is broken at night only by the howl of the wolf, the shriek of the panther, or the hoot of the owl; while during the day, it is said, the solitude is still more oppressive.

The noise of the wild turkey, the croak of the raven, or the tapping of the woodpecker on a hollow tree seem only to deepen the dead silence of the wilderness.

Yet men come to love this lonely life and would not exchange it for all the comforts of the city. The American pioneer had little to fear from wild animals, however fierce. He soon learned their habits, and easily became their master.

But the Indian—this was the enemy that so often brought sorrow to the home of the frontiersman. When a man went to his fields to work, he was never sure that some dusky warrior was not lurking in the thicket waiting to send a bullet or an arrow to his heart.

He dared not go outside his door unarmed; he dared not allow his children to go far from

the cabin lest they be carried away by the red men.

He went about his work in silence, always watching for a concealed foe. Even his faithful dog was trained not to bark as nature prompted, but to watch, like his master, for the lurking savage.

The Indian could imitate almost any animal in the forest. He could bark like a wolf or hoot like an owl. He could imitate the wild turkey, the panther, or the wild cat so perfectly that none but the experienced woodman could detect the deception. Many an untrained hunter was lured to his death in this way by the wily savage.

During the summer of 1777 the Indians became very hostile in Kentucky. They had signed away all that land by treaty and had no right there; but this was during the Revolutionary War, and the English kept them stirred up against the white settlers.

On the fourth of July of this year, the day on which the Declaration of Independence was one year old, a large band of Indians made an attack on Boonesborough.

The men in the fort seized their rifles and ran to the loopholes, left in the walls for the purpose. Through these they fired on the Indians, and many a painted warrior, pierced by the pioneer's bullet, was stretched upon the ground.

During the siege every man and boy who could handle a gun had his rifle and stood at his hole in the wall, while the women and girls moulded the bullets and loaded the rifles.

The siege continued for two days and nights, when the Indians gave it up and went away. One man in the fort had been killed and several wounded.

Wonderful was the skill in wood-craft acquired by some of our early pioneers; and in this perhaps no one ever surpassed Daniel Boone.

His aim with the rifle was unerring; his knowledge of the woods was such that he could find his way on the darkest night.

No Indian could follow a trail nor imitate the cry of an animal or a bird more perfectly than he. He could outwit the wily savage and beat him at his own game.

But the craftiest woodman cannot always come out ahead, and Captain Boone had his trials with the rest.

It was New Year Day, 1778, when Boone took a band of thirty men and went to the Lower Salt Licks on the Licking River to make salt.

The place was so called because animals would gather there and lick the ground for the salty taste.

The labor of bringing salt for daily use across the mountains from the East was too great, and they decided to make it themselves. They did this by boiling the water until nothing remained but the salt.

They had worked with success for several weeks when one day, while Boone was hunting alone in the forest some miles from camp, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a large band of Indians.

He made a dash for liberty; but it was too late. A dozen howling warriors rushed upon him, and for the second time in his life Daniel Boone found himself a prisoner in the hands of his deadly enemy.

IX.

DANIEL BOONE IN CAPTIVITY.

THE Indians were very proud of their capture. They had known Boone for a long time as the most skilful hunter and Indian fighter in the West. Now they had him in their power; but they treated him kindly.

They promised him also that if he would surrender the other men at the Salt Lick, their lives should be spared and they should be well treated.

Boone agreed to this, as he knew that it would mean death to them all if they resisted so large a band of Indians. The men were therefore all made prisoners, and the Indians kept their word and treated them well.

The whole band now proceeded with their prisoners to Old Chillicothe, Ohio, an Indian town on the Little Miami River, about forty miles west of the present city of Chillicothe.

From here they took Boone and ten other prisoners north to Detroit, Michigan. Here the British commander offered the Indians a

hundred pounds sterling for Boone, but they refused to give him up. They gave up the other prisoners, but took Boone back with them to Chillicothe.

Ohio is now covered with cities, towns, and farm-houses, but at that time it was a dense, pathless wilderness.

The Indians had been very friendly toward Boone, and now he discovered what they intended to do with him. They had decided to adopt him into their tribe.

This tribe of Indians was called the Shawanoes. Their chief, Blackfish, had recently lost a son, and Daniel Boone was now to be adopted by him to take the place of that son.

The method of adoption is a severe one. All the hair of the head is plucked out by a long and painful process, except a tuft on the crown three or four inches in diameter. This tuft is then dressed up with ribbons and feathers.

The candidate is then taken to the river in a nude condition and most thoroughly scrubbed, "to wash all the white blood out of him,"

as they say. After this he is painted and led back to the chief, who makes a long speech, stating what an honor it is to be adopted by them.

Daniel Boone, after going through with all this, became, as they supposed, a true Indian. The chief and his wife showed great affection for him, and, indeed, all the tribe treated him as a friend and brother. They had reasons for this.

They knew Boone as a just and humane man, as a wonderful hunter and warrior. Yet he never boasted; nor had he ever stolen horses or anything else from them, as many men white did, nor treated an Indian with cruelty when in his power. These qualities won from the Shawanoes the highest admiration. They were greatly pleased to have so valuable an addition to their tribe.

Boone pretended to be well pleased with his new home and his new companions. He attended their war-dances and their shooting matches, and went on hunting trips with them.

He was the best marksman in the tribe, but often allowed them to excel him in the shoot-

ing match, for he feared that he might arouse their envy.

In the course of several months the Indians came to believe that Boone was perfectly contented to live with them. But in his heart he was planning all the time how to escape. His heart was not with them; he was longing for his wife and children far away at Boonesborough.

One day when he returned from a trip with several Indians he found that four hundred and fifty warriors were planning to go to Kentucky and make an attack on Boonesborough.

Now his heart was fired anew with the love of his kindred, and he determined to escape or die in the attempt. He knew the weak condition of Boonesborough, and feared that all his friends would be killed if the Indians made the attack.

On the morning of the sixteenth of June, nearly seven months after leaving home, he rose at sunrise and started out to hunt, as they thought.

But as soon as he got out of sight of the

village, he started on the long journey of one hundred and sixty miles to Boonesborough.

The whole distance was a wilderness. Boone knew he would be followed, and ran day and night until he reached the Ohio River. This he crossed in an old canoe which he found.

Now he felt safer and stopped, shot a turkey, kindled a fire, and cooked it. This was his only meal in the entire journey of five days.

He reached the fort in safety on the fifth day, and seemed to his friends as one risen from the grave.

But his wife, supposing him to be dead, had taken the children and gone back to North Carolina, where she was living with her father.

X.

SIEGE OF BOONESBOROUGH.

DANIEL BOONE was much disappointed that his wife and children were gone; but he had little time to think about it. He told his friends in the fort that a large army of Indians

would soon be upon them, and they must be fully prepared.

The fort had been neglected and was much out of repair. They all worked with great vigor for ten days when all was in readiness, but no enemy had yet come.

Boone then took a small band of men and made an excursion into the Indian country. Here he discovered that a large body of Indians, commanded by a British officer, was about to start for Boonesborough. He hastened back with his companions to the fort and awaited the attack.

On the day after they had reached Boonesborough, the Indian army appeared before the walls. The British commander sent Boone a demand that the fort be surrendered.

Boone asked two days to consider it, which was granted. At the end of the two days he informed the English officer that they had decided to defend the fort till not a man was left alive, if necessary.

The officer was much disappointed; he had hoped to take the fort without bloodshed and to make prisoners of the inmates. He now

offered more liberal terms, and asked Boone to confer with him outside the walls.

Boone suspected treachery on the part of the Indians. He therefore took with him eight of the strongest men in the company and met an equal number of the enemy outside the fort.

The terms offered were so liberal that Boone decided to accept them. The papers were signed and everything seemed to promise a happy ending.

At this point a big Indian chief came forward and made a speech. He expressed his joy that such an agreement had been reached; then he proposed that, according to an old Indian custom, two Indians shake hands with each white man as a token of friendship.

Boone suspected a trick. He had noticed that the whole body of the enemy had been drawing nearer. Why should two Indians shake hands at the same time with one white man? It looked as if treachery was intended; but Boone and his men were ready for it.

The moment the Indians had grasped the white men's hands, they grappled with them and attempted to hold them fast; and the

whole body of Indians rushed forward to their assistance.

Boone and his men were strong and active; they wrenched themselves free in an instant and ran for the fort, when the Indians opened fire on them. Only one was hurt, Squire Boone, who received a bullet in the leg.

The men in the fort now fired upon the Indians, and several were killed. There were but fifty men in the fort, but they were fearless and strong, and they determined to defend it to the last.

A regular siege was begun by the enemy and kept up for nine days and nights; but their bullets could not penetrate the logs.

At one time they set fire to the fort with a fire-brand attached to an arrow. A young man leaped upon the roof and put out the fire. He worked for some minutes amid a regular hailstorm of bullets and arrows, but escaped unhurt.

During the siege the Indians fought mostly from behind trees and other objects; and every time one put his head out, he was sure to be shot by some pioneer's bullet.

After nine days, the Indians seeing that they could not subdue the fort, gave it up and departed. There had been five hundred of them, about forty of whom were killed and a large number wounded. The pioneers had two killed and four wounded.

When the enemy had gone, nearly three thousand musket balls, making one hundred and twenty-five pounds of lead, were picked up around the fort. The Indians had kept so far away that most of their balls fell to the ground without penetrating the walls.

This was the last attack ever made on Boonesborough. Soon after this Daniel Boone made a journey over the mountains to his wife and children in North Carolina.

XI.

BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

IN the history of Kentucky there is nothing more sad to relate than the story of the battle of the Blue Licks.

It was nearly two years after Daniel Boone

had departed for North Carolina until he returned again with his family to Kentucky. In that time scores of settlers had been killed by roving bands of Indians.

Soon after his return he and his brother Squire were making a trip to the Licking River when they were suddenly fired on by a large body of Indians.

Squire Boone was instantly killed. Daniel ran for his life, a dozen or more savages after him. He left them all behind, when they set a large trained dog on his trail.

The dog followed him for some miles through the forest, when he turned and shot the animal and escaped. The Indians believed that he had a charmed life.

Daniel Boone was deeply grieved at the death of his brother. They were more than brothers. Long years they had spent together in the wilderness, where they had shared each other's adventures and hardships.

Now we come to the sad story of the Blue Licks. The people at Boonesborough heard that an army of five hundred Indians had made an attack on Bryant's Station not far

away. They were led by Simon Girty, a renegade white man, who had become an Indian chief, and who gloried in shedding the blood of his own race.

Girty had been driven from Bryant's Station with a loss of thirty of his warriors. He then led them northward to a place on the Licking River called Blue Licks.

One hundred and eighty armed men started in pursuit. Boone advised them not to do so; but they were eager for a fight and rushed on.

The Indians lay in ambush, hid in the thickets, brush, and ravines, until the pioneers came up, when they leaped up with dreadful yells and opened fire.

The white men fought like heroes and killed many; but their number was too small for such a force. They had to retreat or all would have been slain. But they could not go back the way they came; it was filled with howling savages.

They made a dash for the river near by. Many were struck down with the deadly tomahawk before they reached the water's edge; others were shot while swimming across, but a

great many reached the other shore and were saved.

Let us look for our hero, Daniel Boone. Where was he during this fierce battle? He was in the midst of the slaughter, and two of his sons were fighting by his side. One of them was wounded, but escaped; the other fell dead at his father's feet.

To save him from the scalping knife, Boone seized the lifeless body of his boy, threw it over his shoulder, and started to run. But a murderous savage ran toward him with uplifted tomahawk. Boone dropped the dead boy and shot the Indian dead.

Again he was about to take up his burden, but a dozen red men rushed toward him and he had to leave the body and run for his life. He soon reached the river, swam across, and was saved.

The battle of the Blue Licks brought mourning to many a pioneer's home in Kentucky. One-third of the men that went into the fight were left dead on the field; but so perfect was their aim that the loss of the Indians was still greater.

This battle took place in August, 1782. The Indians were greatly punished for this deed. A few weeks after the battle General Clark marched into the Indian country with a thousand soldiers. The Indians fled in all directions.

Clark spread disaster over all their lands in southwestern Ohio, destroyed their crops, and laid five of their towns in ashes.

The Indians now concluded that it would be impossible to drive the white people out of Kentucky, and they never afterward attempted it.

XII.

BOONE AND THE INDIANS.

AFTER the battle of the Blue Licks the Indians never again invaded the State of Kentucky with an army; but small bands of them often made raids through the settlements, burning the cabins and murdering or carrying off the inmates.

One day Daniel Boone had an experience that might have been serious, but it turned out to be amusing. He was in his tobacco house, a small enclosure built of rails.

He never used tobacco, but raised it, as many of the settlers did. In this house he had placed tiers of rails and on these the tobacco was placed to dry.

He was now standing on the rails above the door removing the dry tobacco to make room for the rest of his crop, when four stalwart Indian warriors appeared at the door.

Boone recognized them as the same men who had taken him prisoner near the Salt Licks several years before. They knew him, and had come a long way for the purpose of capturing him. They were able to speak English, and all pointing their muskets toward his breast, one of them said :

“We got you, now, Boone; you no get away; we carry you to Chillicothe.”

Boone pretended to be pleased, and said : “How are you, friends? I’m glad to see you.”

The Indians knew they were too near the

settlements to be safe, and ordered Boone to come down immediately and follow them.

"I don't see any help for it," said Boone, "but as I have started to shift this tobacco, I hope you'll wait a few minutes till I finish it. Just watch the way I do it."

The four savages became interested in the work and stood a few minutes looking up at him. Boone kept talking to them as if they were old friends making him a pleasant call.

Presently he put a large pile of tobacco just above their heads and then quickly pulled the rails apart. Down came the tobacco into their faces.

At the same instant the pioneer jumped down among them with his arms full of the dry, broken leaves and threw it into their eyes and mouths. It was all done so quickly that the Indians had no time to prevent it.

The next moment Boone was running toward his cabin. Just before reaching it he looked back and saw the four warriors groping about as if playing blind-man's buff, trying to rub the tobacco-dust out of their eyes. They

were soon off to the woods, and Boone was safe in his home.

There were many thrilling adventures in the life of Daniel Boone, as in the life of many a brave pioneer, that the world will never know.

Hardly a month would pass on the frontier but the hardy pioneer had some strange experience—an encounter with a wild animal or with wild Indians.

What would seem to us a thrilling experience was to them a common occurrence, and they thought little about it.

I shall here relate one more adventure of Daniel Boone—one that he related to a friend when an old man, many years after it occurred.

He was hunting and exploring one day on the banks of the Green River, and when night came prepared and ate his supper and lay down to sleep. He had put out his fire so that no Indians, if there were any near, could see where he was.

Scarcely had he fallen asleep when he felt many hands clutching his throat. Opening his eyes he found himself in the midst of a mob

of Indians. They had watched until his fire was extinguished, and then crept silently to where he was and made him prisoner.

Boone made no resistance, and they took him to their camp a few miles away, where they bound him with cords. There were two or three squaws with the warriors, and they seemed to take more pleasure in their capture than the men.

They assured Boone again and again that he would be put to death the next morning. So great was their glee that they danced and sang around the fire for a long time. They had a bottle of strong whiskey and drank of it until some of them could hardly stand.

Presently a shot was heard near the camp. The Indians now consulted for a time and decided that the men take their guns and go into the forest to find where the shot came from, while the women remain to guard the prisoner.

Soon after the warriors had gone, the squaws again began to pass the whiskey bottle from one dirty mouth to another. They were soon so drunk that they couldn't stand up. They sat

down, but still kept drinking until they rolled over and went to sleep.

Boone lay there, tightly bound, watching them. He now thought his moment for action had come. That night he must make his escape or perish on the morrow. But he was securely bound hand and foot. What could he do?

When a man's life is in danger, he can usually find a way, if there is a way. Boone rolled over and over till he reached the fire; then he held his wrists to the blaze and burnt off the cord, though it blistered the skin. Next he burned the cords from his feet, and in a few minutes he had his rifle and was speeding through the darkness toward his home.

XIII.

LAST DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE.

KENTUCKY was now the home of many thousands of settlers. It had belonged to Virginia from Colonial days, but in 1792 it became a State. Only one State was admitted into the Union before Kentucky, and that was Vermont.

Daniel Boone was growing old. He had seen many hardships, and now he hoped to spend a happy old age on his farm near Boonesborough; but there were many sorrows still in store for him.

It was found that his title to his farm was not good—at least the land speculators made it so appear—and he had to lose the farm.

After doing so much to make Kentucky what it was, he found himself, now in his old age, without a home and deeply in debt.

About this time Boone made a visit to the home of his boyhood near Reading, Pa. But alas! what a change! Of the friends whom he had known when a boy, all but a few had passed away; and the forest in which he had loved to stroll had been cleared away.

A large city with its stately mansions had grown on the spot where he had seen but a wooden village in the years gone by. Here could be no home for Daniel Boone, the child of the forest. He longed for the solitude of the West. Again he turned his face toward the setting sun.

But he had determined not to make his home again in Kentucky. With his family he journeyed eastward from Boonesborough until they came to the point of land in Virginia where the Kanawha River flows into the Ohio, and here Boone built a cabin and dwelled for several years.

The cabin was in a deep forest, and no one else lived near. Two hunters came to his lonely home one day, and Boone persuaded them to stay and hunt with him for several days. They had come from the far west, beyond the Mississippi River, and they gave glowing accounts of the hunting lands in that region.

Boone's youth seemed to return; his heart was again fired with the desire to plunge into the unknown wilderness. He soon made ready and began the long journey to the West.

It was a long, long journey for one of his age. He crossed the Father of Waters to the new promised land, and made his new home in the wilderness near where St. Louis now stands. That country then belonged to Spain.

It soon after passed into the possession of France, and in 1803 became the property of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase.

Daniel Boone found here a fine hunting ground, indeed. Wild animals roamed the forest in great abundance, and he could follow the vocation he loved to his heart's content. Even here in his old age he had various adventures with the Indians; but lest our story be too long, we must omit them.

There was one thing that troubled Boone's conscience very much at this time: he had left debts in Kentucky to the amount of several hundred dollars. But at last he saw a way out.

There were many animals in Missouri whose fur was quite valuable. Boone now hunted these and sold the furs for several years, until he had made money enough to pay all his debts.

This honest old man then made the long journey to Kentucky and paid off every debt, dollar for dollar. When he returned, he had but fifty cents left.

"Now," he said, "I am willing to die. This burden has long oppressed me; but I have paid every debt, and no one can say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.'"

During the last years of his life the great pioneer had to give up his favorite pursuit of hunting. He became too feeble and his eyesight failed him. His old age was made happy by the love of his relatives and friends, who almost adored him.

Many a time when his hunting days were over, he would gather children and young people about him and tell stories of his strange, eventful life.

Many of these stories were the same as the boys and girls, who read this little book, will find recorded in its pages.

He lived to be very old, dying in 1820, aged almost eighty-six years. His body was laid to rest near his home by the side of that of his wife; but many years later both were transferred to Frankfort, Kentucky.

The life of Daniel Boone was a strange one—full of changes, full of adventure, full of success and of failure. He always believed

that Providence sent him before to prepare the way for civilization.

The name of Daniel Boone will never be forgotten. His fame will go down in our history as the greatest of American pioneers.

XIV.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS AS BOONE FOUND THEM, AND AS THEY EXIST AT THE PRESENT DAY.

WHEN Columbus first discovered America in 1492, he found the land inhabited by a strange people unknown before to the rest of the world.

These people were called Indians, because they were first thought to belong to India.

Columbus believed that he had found a new passage to India. He did not know that he had discovered a new continent.

It was found that the Indians were scattered thinly over all of North and South America, but where they came from, and how many hundred years they had dwelled here before the coming of the white man, no one can tell.

Many of the boys and girls in our schools to-day have never seen a real wild Indian, and I am sure that, in this book on Daniel Boone, they will be glad to have a few pages given to

describing the appearance, nature, and habits of these peculiar people.

In North America the Indians of the various tribes were found to be very much alike in habits and appearance.

They are called the red race, but they are rather copper-colored, or cinnamon-brown. The hair is straight and glossy and as black as the raven's wing.

No little Indian girl can have golden or flaxen curls, as many of you have, because Nature has made her hair black and straight like her father's and mother's.

The men never have beards, and they often shave off or pull out all the hair of the head, except a little tuft on the top of the head, called the scalp-lock.

The countenance of the Indian is usually serious, almost sad, and they seldom laugh or weep.

The eyes of the Indian are small and deep-set; the cheek-bones are large and prominent. The skin is soft and smooth, but often disfigured by various kinds of paints.

Let us take a peep into the Indian home.

We do not find a well-built house with cosy rooms containing pictures and bric-a-brac and furniture.

It is only a tent made of poles standing on end, fastened together at the top and spread out at the bottom. These are covered with skins or the bark of trees, and an opening is left for a door.

Now, look inside the tent and get a view of the family circle.

There is no floor except the bare ground, and the Indians are sitting around on the ground or on the skins of wild animals.

The mother sits nearest the door, because she does all the work and must go in and out frequently. She is called the squaw.

The father sits next to her, but he does not speak to her. She is making a pair of moccasins, or doing some bead-work, and she works in silence all day long.

Her husband smokes a long pipe, or sits looking upon the ground for hours without saying a word; but sometimes he is talkative and tells of his adventures.

The children romp and play around him, but

he takes no notice of them. He does not restrain them nor play with them.

The children are not well dressed. Some of them have on a girdle of fur or skin; some have no clothes at all. The children all have dirty faces—yes, and dirty hands and feet and bodies.

What an awful trouble, you would think, for the mother to keep her children clean! Oh no, it is no trouble at all. She doesn't care anything about it. She lets them go just as dirty as they choose.

See, there upon a tent-pole hangs a flattened piece of wood with a queer little bundle fastened to it. What can it be? It is a papoose—an Indian baby. There it hangs, perhaps all day, and seldom cries.

Soon after the baby is born the mother fastens it to a block of wood. Back of the block a strap is securely fastened, and by this strap the mother swings the baby over her back when she goes into the forest to gather wood or berries. While she is at work she hangs the papoose on the limb of a tree.

The Indian family have their meals, not at

regular times, but whenever they get hungry. They live on the flesh of wild animals, wild rice, berries, and roots. They have no bread and butter, no salt nor pepper, no pies nor cake.

Often in winter they have little to eat. They are sometimes reduced to want, and even starvation. At such times they bear their suffering in silence and without complaint.

No other people in the world can endure suffering with the heroism of the American Indian.

An Indian warrior, if captured in battle, will suffer himself to be tortured to death with fire without permitting a cry of pain to escape his lips.

Even the children, however severely they may be hurt in their rough plays, seldom shed a tear or utter a cry.

The Indians have no books, no schools, no churches. Their language is only spoken; it is not written. The boys learn when very young to use weapons, to make bows and arrows, to kill birds and small animals.

The girls learn to make moccasins, to dress skins, dig roots, and to gather wood.

The plays engaged in by the boys are rude and violent—wrestling, running the gauntlet, throwing, and the like.

They also often play ball, and the game is similar to the game of football as now played by college students; but instead of kicking it they strike it with clubs.

The ball they use is made of a knot of wood, or of baked clay covered with deer-skin.

The men also make merry with games. They have their foot races, their war-dance, scalp-dance, and various other wild and uncouth games.

There is little show of affection in the Indian home. The father never kisses nor embraces his children.

If he is away from home for weeks, he does not salute his wife when he returns, nor does she salute him.

But she shows her affection by giving him a new pair of moccasins or something else she has made.

She also hastens to get him a meal, if there

is anything to get; if there is not, he does not scold; he bears it in silence.

The Indian in his wild state depends on the chase for his living. His chief weapons are the bow and arrow, the tomahawk, and the war-club.

He learns the habits and haunts of all animals that he wishes to obtain, and his skill in catching them is wonderful.

When he kills an animal, he carries it to the door of his wigwam and throws it down without saying a word. The squaw then takes charge of it.

Indeed, the squaw has all the hard work to do about the wigwam. She even carries the tent on her back when they move from one place to another.

The man, when not engaged in hunting or warfare, spends his time in idleness.

He has no ambition to do anything useful. He makes no improvements. What was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him.

He does not desire to know anything of the great world beyond his own home in the wilderness.

He does not know his own age. He notes the changes of the seasons and counts time by the moon. But how many moons ago since he was born, or since his children were born, he does not know and he does not care.

The Indian's life is one long, dreary, hopeless existence in the solitudes of the wilderness.

In war the Indian is brave and fierce, and his powers of endurance and his capacity for suffering are marvelous. But he is cruel and treacherous, and he will not fight an enemy fairly if he can surprise him.

When he crouches and springs upon a foe, he utters a yell, so dreadful and so heart-piercing that no one who hears it can forget it to the end of his life.

When a warrior has killed an enemy, he cuts the scalp from the top of the head and keeps this as a trophy of his victory.

This entitles him to wear an eagle feather in his own scalp-lock, which is the highest glory that an Indian can achieve.

The Indians are all religious. They believe in God, whom they call the Great Spirit.

When they are prosperous in war or the chase, they think the Great Spirit is pleased. When they are unfortunate, they think it is because he is angry; and they accept his chastenings without murmuring.

They believe in a future life, a Happy Hunting-ground, where they shall all be happy without regard to how they have lived in this world.

It is also their belief that the lower animals have souls and will live in the future world the same as men.

What I have said about the Indians refers to them in their savage state, as first discovered in what is now the United States.

Since then many of the remaining tribes have been partly civilized. They live in better houses and cultivate the soil.

Schools have been established for them, and many of them have been taught the Christian religion.

When the white people first settled in this country, they had many fierce conflicts with the Indians.

We have heard of so many cruel and bloody

deeds done by the Indians that we are apt to think of them only as blood-thirsty savages. But in fact they were scarcely more to blame than the white people.

Sometimes the French and sometimes the English inflamed them against the Americans.

It often happened also that dishonest American traders angered the Indians by cheating them.

They seldom or never practised their cruelties unless they believed their hunting-grounds were about to be taken from them, or were in some way offended by the whites.

When once aroused they used the same cruel methods with the white people that they had always practised among themselves when the tribes were at war with each other.

These methods were often shocking and barbarous, and the innocent too frequently suffered with the guilty.

No excuse can be offered for these barbarities; yet we must remember that the Indians had been taught from childhood that to torture and kill an enemy was the highest virtue.

The Indians as a race are passing away, or



A SPECIMEN OF THE INDIANS BOONE FOUGHT.

at least they are being crowded into the narrow spaces set apart for them in the West and South.

The white man came with his civilization—with his schools and churches and newspapers, his railways and telegraph. The Indian could not, or would not, accept the arts of civilized life.

He was but a cumberer of the land that he had occupied so long without improving, and it was no doubt the will of God that the Indian should be swept away to give place to a nobler and better race.







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